

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Ralph Wheelock's Enemy.

My sister Mary Ella says I ought to tell this story of my own badness, because there is a moral to it.

Mary Ella thinks everything of a moral. For myself, I would just as lief have the old-fashioned stories, where the moral is tacked on at the end, and owns up what it is, so you know just when to stop reading, as to have the new kind, where they get the moral into a fellow before he knows it, like a pill in jelly.

If I could see that there was any moral to this I shouldn't write it. The reason I want to write it is because, if it does show what a mean fellow I was, it shows, too, what a splendid fellow my dog Rab is.

Rab and I were sitting on a pile of boards in our ship-yard one night, just as it was growing dark.

There was one long, springy board near the top that was good "teeter," but Rab never liked to have me make it go. He would sit on it if I did, but he barked as if Val Bement's dog Nero were under it.

Nero was Rab's one enemy, and Val Bement was mine.

Valorous Bement, Jr., is Val's name, and his father builds more and bigger ships than any man in the State.

He and my father used to be in partnership, but they separated, and my father grew poorer until he died, and Val Bement's father grew richer and richer. Strangers stare to see, in a little town like ours, such a fine house and such elegant turn-outs as theirs.

Val has a pony and a village cart, and a donkey, and a bicycle, and everything that heart could wish; and his sister Dora has long-tailed ponies, and a French governess, and dresses from Paris.

My mother has to take boarders, and sewing from a shop in B—; and my brother Trask is trying to pay his way through college, working as deck-hand on a steamer—and Trask as proud as can be, too; and I have to get all the jobs I can out of school.

Mary Ella has to teach school, and Bess—that's my sister next to me, and just the age of Dora Bement—has to wash dishes and help around the house, and wear dark calico aprons.

Bess says the dark calico aprons are the worst, but, of course, that's just a girl's foolishness. Clothes don't matter. She needn't have been envious of Dora Bement's Paris gowns, but when it comes to horses and bicycles and a yacht, who could help it?

Yes, a yacht! That was what the Bements had now; built in their own yard, with Bolton the famous yacht-builder, down from Boston to superintend.

Rab and I could see her from where we sat, and Rab growled like distant thunder every time he looked at her, evidently as much disturbed by her as I was. But I don't think Rab was envious; it was only because he had seen Nero on board of her that morning. She was a beauty! Not very large but clean-cut and sharp, and she sat on the water like a bird. Val Bement had boasted that she could take the wind out of any sail on that river, but there was no telling whether she could or not until after the race to-morrow.

That bid fair to be the greatest race we had ever had. Two yachts were entered from B—, the city that is just across the river from us. They were the Norombega and the Aphrodite, and Doctor Dole had entered his Fleetwing, and we our old Catamount.

She wasn't much to look at, our Catamount. She was built for a fishing-boat, and although Uncle Philemon and Trask had built her nearly all over two or three times, she was still almost everything that a racer ought not to be, according to the new-fangled rules; but still there was "go" in her.

Experts were always examining her, at racing times, to see where it was, and strangers laughed at the idea of our entering her in a race. But it was generally we who laughed last. If Trask had not had the erysipelas, which took three weeks of his working time, he was going to have her painted. He said he felt as if it were abusing an old friend to let the Catamount look so ashamed of herself.

But there was one good thing about the erysipelas. Trask would not have been at home to sail her if he had not had it, and perhaps he could do a little better with her than Uncle Philemon and I, although—well, I know a thing or two about sailing a boat.

But what was the use? I wasn't so foolish but that I knew that scientific principles are the thing in boat-building, although now and then a boat may show speed without seeming to have any science about her, and I knew that the Atalanta—that was the name the Bements had given their yacht—could beat the Catamount.

About the B—boats I wasn't sure, but I had seen them do their best in a pretty fair wind, and I didn't think they could; and as for Doctor Dole's Fleetwing, she was pretty sure to come in last, with the doctor puffing and panting as if he had been running a race instead of sailing one, and saying that the wind was just wrong for her, and she hadn't had a fair chance. She's an old tub, anyway.

If I had had a comfort in life since we got so poor it was that old Catamount, and it seemed too bad that Bements, who had everything, should build a yacht to beat her.

Val and I were good friends when we were little shavers. We used to play together in that very ship-yard when we were in our first trousers. It belonged to his father and mine, then, and it hadn't gone to wreck and ruin. The hammer went rat-a-tat-tat all day long, and lumbermen drove huge logs down to the river to be hewn into masts and spars, and we made small boats and launched them and dived down from the great piles of boards into seas of sawdust, and coaxed the old ferryman to row us in his boat. And, oh, how good the tarry smell was! I hadn't got over liking it; but I wouldn't go into Bement's ship-yard.

I don't quite know how Val and I first began to be enemies. He got his first long trousers before I did, and he called me sissy, because my hair curled, and said I lisped. That was when we were small, of course.

Then he got ahead of me in school, and I said he cheated. And he did not like it. Then he said Billy Crocker was a sneak, and told lies; and of course, I had to fight him, because, Billy Crocker was my friend. (It was true about Billy, but that didn't make any difference.)

Then he got Nero, and Nero was the only dog in town that could whip Rab. I wanted to join the boat club, and there was one vote against me. They wouldn't tell me whose vote it was; but I was sure it was Val's.

So Val and I didn't speak. As I sat there on the pile of boards, almost wishing there might be no wind, or that anything might happen, so the Bement's yacht wouldn't win, I heard the chips rustle behind me, and there was Aunt Hulda, an old colored woman.

She had been washing at my house, and she had come down here expecting to get the ferryman to row her over to B—, where she lived; but he had gone home. She said it appeared as if her old bones couldn't get up to the bridge. It was almost half a mile further up the river. And I said I would set her across, for old Griff had given me leave to use his boat, and left the key where I could find it.

"Bress yo' chile, I'se in a hurry long ob dat po' lamb, James Yalbert. Dere's dem dat's 'ricin' him into mischief. I know de signs. Parson Smif say yo' can't nebbber sabe dat dear yout' be scoldin'. Yo' must draw him by de cords ob love. So I'se gwine to hab fried cakes ready when he come home," said Aunt Hulda, as I pushed off.

James Yalbert (I suppose his name was Albert, but everybody called it Yalbert because Aunt Hulda did) was one of the very worst fellows in B—.

"Ain't she harsome, dough?" said Aunt Hulda, as we passed the Atalanta. "Dey says she is gwine to win de cup for sho'; 'but Mist' Perry, dat owns de Norombega, now he 'lows to gib her a hard pull. He's done hire James Yalbert to help him. Sho' 'nuff, dere ain't nuffin' bout a boat dat po' inner don't know. A boat seem to

come just as natchel to be as de shell to a snail. And Mist' Perry he's boun' to beat. So yo's gwine to sail dat ole smack ob yo's for de cup! Well, de wind ain't gwine to have no respec' for new paint, and de race is not to de swif'."

This was not very consoling, although Aunt Hulda meant it to be so.

After I had landed her, I decided to go and look at the Norombega. Her new owner had made some alterations since I had seen her.

It was a dark night, but there was going to be a moon before long. I rowed down to the wharf where she lay, and tied my boat and left her, not meaning to be gone more than five or ten minutes.

I had to walk across the wharf, and there were piles of lumber and logs and ropes everywhere, and not a light except from the yacht and from the vessels out in the river.

I stumbled over a rope and made a noise, and some one said, in a startled voice:

"Who's there?"

It's a rough place around those wharfs—drinking shops everywhere, and somebody in the police-court every morning—and I thought it was just as well to keep still. I discovered there were two men behind a pile of lumber which I had fallen against. One of them came out and looked around, but I dropped down out of sight. I didn't wish to spy upon them, but I thought it was prudent to keep out of their way.

"It was only rats," I heard the man say as he sat down again.

"Dere's a heap ob dem big wharf rats roun' here," said another voice, which I was sure was James Yalbert's.

And then they resumed the conversation which I had interrupted. They spoke in very low tones, but I was so near that I could hear now a word that gave me a clue to what they were talking about, and now a whole sentence.

The other man, I thought, was Joe Grimsby, a more reckless fellow, if possible, than James Yalbert. It would take stronger cords of love than fried cakes to draw James Yalbert home to his mother that night!

It was mischief that they were plotting sure enough; and it seemed to be nothing less than to disable a yacht that was to sail in the race.

They called no names, but I knew in a flash that they meant the Atalanta. She was probably the only one that the Norombega feared, and besides, James Yalbert had a grudge against the Bements for discharging him from the ship-yard for misconduct.

I grew hot and cold in a minute, and trembled so that I could hardly stand. What if they did disable the Atalanta? I shouldn't be to blame.

I could not get away to warn the Bements if I wished, I said to myself; for the slightest sound would alarm the men, and then who could tell what would happen to me!

I am not going to make myself out any worse than I was and after the first flash, in which I thought of Val Bement taken down a peg for once, and the old Catamount in her shabby dress coming in first, with all the people waving and shouting—after that first instant, I say, I did feel as if I must prevent such a wicked, cowardly thing as they meant to do.

But I stood there, almost without breathing. They seemed to be in no haste. One said they must wait until after midnight, to be safe.

"It's goin' to be a serious matter," said James Yalbert.

And it came over me that it might be a serious matter, indeed, for them if they should find Nero on board!

Jeff Kirby, the watchman, would be there any way. I felt easier in my mind after I thought of that. The Bements could take care of their yacht without me. I could perhaps creep away softly and warn them, but it wasn't necessary. They would be all right. Val Bement never had any ill-luck. After all, the Atalanta would be the victor.

And I grow bitter again, thinking how Val Bement had everything and I nothing; and when I discovered by the men's talk that they had bribed Jeff Kirby, and he had

agreed to keep Nero out of the way, I—well, I won't try to describe how I felt, but I stayed there.

I stayed after the men had gone. I began to feel as if my feet had leaden weights on them, so that I couldn't move.

It was a pretty dark night, except when the moon came out from behind some clouds and I very soon lost sight of the men; but it was not long before I heard a faint sound of oars in the water, and knew they had started across the river.

I thought of the queerest thing of the time when Val thrashed Rob Crocker for cheating me at swapping knives, and of the time when Val and I went away up into the woods, almost to Canada, on snow shoes, and I was so nearly frozen that I lay down and went to sleep, and should have died, if Val, who would hardly keep alive himself, hadn't half carried, half dragged me three miles to a lumbering camp.

But I suppose I must have come to the conclusion that Val had done enough mean things to balance the scores, for I didn't move. But all of a sudden there flashed across my mind something that a man said who lectured on boys in our town hall. He didn't know much about them—you don't unless you're a boy—but he said one thing that struck in my mind—"The man you will be is being made every day out of the boy you are."

I hear preaching enough from the minister and my mother and Mary Ella—particularly Mary Ella—but it never hits me as that did. It hit me just like a cannon-ball then.

If a man was being made of the boy that I was, what would he be? Like James Yalbert and Joe Grimsby, it seemed likely.

I seemed to come to myself as if I had waked from a nightmare. I went almost headlong down the pier to the place where my boat lay, or rather where I had left her. She wasn't there. Of course these men had taken her.

I looked about for another boat. Not a row boat was to be seen, and the sail-boats were tightly fastened, to say nothing of the fact that there was not a capful of wind, and every one was far too heavy for me to row across the river.

It was after midnight, and there was no sight or sound of life around the wharves except in the drinking shops, where I thought it would be of no use to apply for help.

Policemen were very scarce in B—. I might search long without finding one. And the bridge was too far off to be thought of.

I was just about giving up in despair when I caught sight of an old raft that the lumber men had left alongside the wharf. It was made of logs, and some of them had been loosened and floated away, or been taken off for use; but I jumped upon it, and it seemed sound enough to last me across the river.

Fortunately, I found a piece of timber that was just right for a paddle close at hand, and I shot out into the stream on that old raft, like—well, I don't wish to boast, but like a boy who hasn't lived all his life on river for nothing.

I was afraid the old thing would be so heavy that my strength would give out before I got across, but if you ever observed, it is just what you don't expect that happens. The old thing was light, and she grew lighter—that was the trouble!

The logs floated off, one after the other, until there were only three left, and those threatened every moment to separate.

But they held together until I got so near the other shore, that it seemed as if I could reach out with my paddle and touch the red lantern on the Atalanta, although it really was as much as an eighth of a mile away. Then another one dropped off, worse and still, in trying to save it, I lost my paddle. I wasn't afraid of being drowned, if I had only one log. I knew I could cling to it until I was picked up.

They say a boy of our town can't be drowned any more than a fish, and I'll tell you a reason for our getting that reputation, besides our knowing how to swim and manage boats, and all that. It is that we know the danger, and keep our wits about us, and never take any risks unless there is great need of it.

The current was not very rapid, but I was drifting down river, and meanwhile those villains must have reached the Atalanta. There were no vessels near; there was probably no one but them to hear a cry for help, and I was uncertain whether to cry out or keep still, when I heard a dog bark not far away—a bark that I should have recognized among a thousand, my Rab's!

How many times I had wished that I had taken Rab! He wanted to go, but Aunt Hulda was so heavy, and Rab is such a big fellow, I was afraid that together they would swamp the boat. If I had taken him, those men wouldn't have gone off with my boat!

I knew by the direction from which the sound came that he had swam out to the Catamount, which lay at her moorings, to watch for me.

I whistled, and instantly I heard a great splash in the water. Rab can swim like a duck.

The moment after the splash I heard a cry of "Help, help!" It came from the Atalanta. It was a boy's voice—Val's, I was sure.

I lost my head for a minute. I screamed, "Help!" and I was on the point of jumping into the water, until in a flash I thought of something better. Rab came alongside, and I put my hand on his dear old shaggy head and pointed toward the Atalanta.

"Rab, shake James Yalbert!" I said.

Rab always does just what I tell him to. He was of an instant; he only turned his head once to see what was going to become of me, drifting away on those two logs.

I believe I would rather have risked my own life than his, if it would have done as much good. I never can tell how I felt, knowing that Val likely to be murdered, and my Rab, too, and I might have prevented it.

Before I thought Rab could have got there, I heard a pistol shot. I couldn't stand it, and all in my clothes as I was, I jumped into the water.

I haven't said anything about it before, because I don't like to have people pity me; but I am lame, and I can't swim far without getting tired out, and I don't know but I should have given out once if I hadn't happened to catch hold of a floating timber, which proved to be the paddle I had lost.

I heard a boat putting out from shore, and it passed very near me, with one man in it, rowing as if for dear life. I called, "Boat ahoy!" but he didn't answer me.

It seemed to me that I was in the water an hour, but it must have been only a few minutes before I was scrambling up the wharf where the Atalanta lay.

I felt pretty weak and faint, and when I whistled and called Rab, and there was no answer, all my strength failed. I should have fallen if Val Bement's father had not put his arm round me as soon as I stepped on to the boat.

There lay my Rab on the deck, with an ugly wound in his shoulder. And there lay James Yalbert. I thought at first that he was dead—his black face looked so ghastly in the light, and his throat was torn and bleeding.

Val was there, looking pretty white and shaky, and three or four men, all in great excitement. One of them was trying to bind up Rab's wound, but I pushed him away, and put my arms round Rab. He couldn't raise his head, but he licked my hand.

"Your dog saved my boy's life," Ralph, said Mr. Bement, with a kind of choking in his throat.

And then Val told me—of course he had forgotten that we didn't speak—that he had slept on board the yacht, to see how it seemed, and to be on hand the first thing in the morning, and had been awakened by a boring sound that seemed directly under his head.

He called Jeff Kirby, and whistled to Nero, and found that neither of them was there.

Then Val discovered the two men, and they put a pistol to his head, and threatened to shoot if he called for help. He did call—I never said Val wasn't a plucky fellow—and then they knocked him down and tied him, but before they had got through with that job, Rab sprang from somewhere straight at

James Yalbert's throat; and although they pounded him with a pistol, he wouldn't let go. And at last Joe Grimsby shot him.

Then, afraid that the report would bring people to the yacht, he took himself off, leaving James Yalbert to his fate.

I couldn't get off from telling how Rab came there, and I wasn't going to be so mean as to keep back anything. I told how long I waited, and all about it, and I tell you I felt cheap enough when, after that, Mr. Bement kept shaking my hand and calling me a noble fellow.

The doctor, who had been sent for, came and attended to James Yalbert. He said his wounds were serious, and it was a long time before he got well, and he won't be out of jail to eat poor Aunt Hulda's fried cakes for a good while yet.

They caught Joe Grimsby, and he is serving a sentence, too.

Some people suspected that the owner of the Norombega had hired them, but it never was proved.

The doctor did what he could for Rab, and I got him home, but for a long time we were afraid he never would get well. He is all right now, though, and he was the patientest old fellow.

It took the carpenters only an hour or two to repair the damage to the yacht, and the race came off the next day. The Atalanta came in a long ways ahead—can't she sail, though?—and next, three whole lengths ahead of the Norombega, came in our shabby old Catamount. You should have heard the people cheer!

I don't quite know how it is, but Val and I are great friends, and I think we always shall be. And Rab and Nero, too, which is the funniest thing.

One day, when he was getting well, Rab went after Nero to help him thrash Ned Pillsbury's dog, that was worrying all the neighbors' cats, and had almost killed Bess' little white kitten. I suppose Rab didn't feel equal to doing it alone. Since then, of course, they have been sworn allies.—By Sophie Swett, in Golden Days.

A JUDGE OF MEN

They were spending a short time in the country, and men were few. The little, stout, middle-aged man seemed to be the life of the hotel. He was everywhere, attending to everything. He had a smile and a joke for everybody, and had been particularly devoted to the young girl from London.

"I hate gloomy men," she said. "I like to see men bright and jolly and cheerful, like you. I think a man's business creeps into his manner to a certain extent, don't you?"

"Um—well, I don't know," he said. "It may, but you can't always tell."

"I can," she said, cheerfully. "At least, I can generally come pretty close to it. Now, you take that funeral, solemn-looking man that we see on the veranda every night. He looks and acts as if he had lost his last friend and never expected to have another. He is sombre in his dressing, too. His manner shows how seriously he looks at life, and if an observing person can't tell exactly what his business is, she ought to be able to get near it, anyway."

"What should you think he was?"

"An undertaker, or a tombstone manufacturer, or a lawyer, or possibly a heavy tragedian."

"Well, he isn't any one of them."

"Do you know him?" What is he?" she asked, eagerly.

"He is a professional humorist."

"Dear me, how surprising! Now, I should have thought that might have been your business, but certainly not his. What is your business?"

"Oh, I am an undertaker."

Judge's Kind Admonition.

On one occasion Judge Dewey, of Boston, had before him a couple of girls charged with stealing ribbons from wreaths on graves. As the evidence of their guilt was not satisfactory he ordered their discharge, accompanying it with this admonition: "Girls, keep out of the cemeteries as long as you can."—Law Notes.

OBITUARY.

SAMUEL MOSES.

The readers will learn of the sad death of Mr. Samuel Moses, deaf, dumb and blind, who recently became a happy inmate of the Montefiore Home. He died there, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at 6:25 o'clock, of kidney trouble. He had been in a happy frame of mind until last Sunday afternoon, when he complained to his friends who happened to be there to visit him, that he was not feeling well. It was thought that he would not live long, as the physician of the above home predicted. Mr. Louis Cohen was at once notified of his death, and hastened to the Home. Arrangements were made with the Superintendent for burial and the necessary cash was laid out for that purpose. Mr. L. A. Cohen at once notified all the friends of Mr. Samuel Moses concerning his death, and the funeral which was about to take place. On Friday morning, friends of the deceased assembled in the meeting room, where they awaited the appointed hour for the funeral service. At 9:30 A.M. sharp, all were escorted to another room, where lay Mr. Samuel Moses in a plain coffin, as is customarily used by Jewish people. Rev. Dr. Blum, who had a deep interest in Mr. Moses, dictated the last rites of his church. A last look at the pale face was had by all his friends, and the coffin was then carried to the hearse by Messrs. E. Souweine, Theodore S. Rose, Emil Basch, Moses Heyman, Alexander Ernest and Louis A. Cohen, who acted as pall bearers. There were two coaches, in one of which were Mrs. M. Heyman, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Souweine and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, while in the other were Messrs. Heyman, Souweine, Basch and Cohen. Interment was at Mount Zion Cemetery, in Maspeth, L. I.

Mr. Samuel Moses was born in New York, fifty-three years ago. He came of poor parentage. When a boy, he was educated at the Fanwood School. Upon his graduation he secured a position as a tailor, and within a short time had cataract of the eyes from which blindness resulted. He was for some time an inmate of the Gallaudet Home, but was sent to his parents, sufficient reason for which action the managers of the Gallaudet Home did not give. He was thence sent to Mt. Sinai Hospital, and within a short time was discharged as cured. During that time, he remained helpless, and was thence admitted in the Alms House in Blackwell's Island, where he remained for fully ten years, although badly neglected by those who knew him. He secured several new friends, and they took an interest in him and at once proceeded to secure a home for him where he might spend the rest of his days in peace and comfort. At last he was admitted to the Montefiore Home, where he died at the age of fifty-three years. He has no surviving relatives, having been all alone in this wide world, but his days were made cheerful by kind friends who paid visits regularly to cheer his dark days. This is indeed a pathetic case, but it is necessary to make the story short. We are thankful that we have arranged a decent burial for the poor and almost forgotten Mr. Samuel Moses.

Among these who paid their respects to Mr. Samuel Moses were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Cohen, Mrs. Perkins, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Messrs. E. Basch, Theo. S. Rose, Alexander Ernest, W. S. Abrams, Rev. Dr. Blum, and Theo. A. Froehlich.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

APRIL 1906.

22—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston. (Lay-Reader Frisbee.)
10:45 A.M., All Saints' Chapel, Worcester. Holy Communion.
2:30 P.M., St. John's Chapel, Lowell. (Mr. Frisbee.)

29—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. Paul's Church, Brockton.
Service every Friday at the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes, Everett, at 3:30 P.M., with Holy Communion on the Friday after the second Sunday in the month.

S. STANLEY SEABING,
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
364 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Digging is said to the whole-somest exercise known.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1906.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE second issue of "Philocomus; or, The Deaf-Mutes' Friend," comes to us from Los Angeles, Cal. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages, replete with information concerning the mission work among the deaf of Southern California, which for over a quarter of a century has been zealously and energetically prosecuted by Mr. Thomas Widd, a licensed lay-reader of the Episcopal Church. Besides the literature relating to mission work, there are poetic gems, and interesting information concerning the deaf. Mr. Widd, it will be remembered, was a pioneer educator of the deaf in Lower Canada, and for several years Principal of the Mackay Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Montreal. The pamphlet is edited by Mr. Widd and printed by Mr. Norman V. Lewis, so it can be truly called a magazine by the deaf and for the deaf, as both the editor and printer are deaf-mutes.

DURING his recent visit, of three days' duration, at the New Mississippi Institution, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College, was accorded great distinction and made to feel that the Mississippians considered his visit an honor, as it was a pleasure to all at the Institution. He met at dinner one evening Gov. Vardaman, the Speaker of the House, Hon. E. N. Thomas, prominent members of the Legislature and the Board of Trustees. The next evening a reception was tendered him, when he met friends, teachers and pupils, and all had the pleasure of shaking his hand. He was granted the privileges of the floor of both houses of the Legislature, and introduced to many leading citizens of the State and the Capital City, Jackson.

AN ACT passed by the Legislature of the State of Maryland, and which has been signed by the Governor, will be of very great importance in its results, as it will make imperative a special tabulation of the deaf and blind. Every Principal of every Institution for the Deaf, knows that a fair chance is not given the partially deaf in the public schools. They are obliged to keep pace with those having normal hearing, and because they do not hear the teacher's explanations are invariably classed as "dull," when, in reality they may be intellectually the superiors of the majority in their school classes. And, in spite of every effort to locate the deaf-mutes, in every State a considerable portion is neglected or overlooked. Here is the substance of the Maryland law:—"Every child between six and sixteen years of age, whose hearing or sight is so defective that he or she can not attend public school, shall attend some school for the deaf or the blind for eight months or during the scholastic year, unless it can be shown that the child is elsewhere receiving regular thorough instruction during said period in the studies usually taught in the said public schools to children of the same age."

The death of the Rev. J. W. C. Duerr, B. D. places the Rev. A. W. Mann first on the list of Clergy of the Diocese of Ohio, who now number 64. At the time of his Ordination, in 1877, Mr. Mann was 67th. Only two are ahead of him in the Diocese of Michigan, where he began his labors in 1872; and only one in the Diocese of Southern Ohio, the Rev. Dr. Boyd, of Marietta.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, G. W. VADROS, Colo.
Secretary, J. H. CLOUD, Mo.
Treasurer, N. P. MOSKOW, Ind.
Vice-Presidents,
D. W. GEORGE, Ill. Sec'y, J. W. BARRETT, Ia.
O. J. WHILDEN, Md. J. F. DONNELLY, N. Y.

2006 VIRGINIA AVENUE,
ST. LOUIS, MO., APRIL 11, 1906.
The attention of the Executive Committee and members of the National Association of the Deaf is respectfully directed to the correspondence given below. It is suggested that some early and definite action be taken on the invitation received from the Board of Governors of the Jamestown Exposition.

J. H. CLOUD,
Sec'y, N. A. D.

Harry St. George Tucker, President.
JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION COMPANY
INCORPORATED MARCH 10, 1902.
1607-1907.

Department Exploitation, Robert H. Sexton, Chief

BOARD OF GOVERNORS.
B. Brooks Johnston, G. T. Shepperd, Secretary.
C. S. Sherwood, Chairman. Nathaniel Beaman, Treasurer.
T. S. Southgate. Barton Myers, Auditor.
W. E. Cottrell. T. J. Wool. O. D. Bathelet, General Counsel.
J. Taylor Killyson. R. L. Payne, M.D., Medical Director.

Director
Congresses and Special Events.

NORFOLK, VA., April 2, 1906.

DEAR SIR:—Acting on the suggestion of Mr. Jos. H. Heeke, I take pleasure in enclosing an invitation signed by the Chairman of the Board of Governors to the National Association of the Deaf to hold the next convention at this point during the progress of the Exposition in 1907. May we not ask that you secure the presentation of this invitation for the consideration of its officers and members at the convention to be held this year.

The Jamestown Exposition will perhaps by reason of its great natural advantages, afford a greater opportunity for representation by organized bodies than has been heretofore extended. Under personal cover we are sending you literature that will, in a measure, inform you of the plan and scope of our great Exposition. We venture to say that with concert action of your membership and the co-operation of this Department a programme can be prepared which will be accorded one of the greatest events in the annals of your Association.

Any suggestions along this line will receive our most earnest consideration.

Very truly yours,
R. H. SEXTON,
Chief of Exploitation.

REV. JAS. H. CLOUD,
Secretary,
St. Louis, Mo.

NORFOLK, VA., April 2, 1906.

To the President and Members of the National Association of the Deaf:
St. Louis, Mo.

SIR:—On behalf of the Jamestown Exposition Company, I desire to extend to the National Association of the Deaf a cordial invitation to hold the annual meeting of the Association for 1907 in the City of Norfolk.

In that year a great International Naval, Military, Historical and Industrial Exposition will be held on and near the waters of Hampton Roads, Virginia, within twenty minutes' ride of the cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, Hampton Roads and Old Point Comfort, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent settlement in America, at Johnstown, Va., in 1607.

This section is the most historic on the American Continent. In ordinary times, the vicinity bordering on Hampton Roads possesses attractions to warrant its selection as a meeting place, while during the Exposition period its natural advantages will be augmented by many other attractions. The Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition is different from other expositions inasmuch as it will have a distinctive naval feature in a great international rendezvous, for which invitations have already been extended by the President of the United States to the nations of the world. The military and historical features will also make it very different from previous expositions.

The Exposition Management will be prepared to furnish your Association with a commodious and satisfactory hall in which to hold its meetings, and if desired, recognize the presence of the National Association of the Deaf by setting apart a special day in honor of the occasion.

Respectfully,
C. BROOK JOHNSTON,
Chairman, Board of Governors.

2006 VIRGINIA AVENUE,
ST. LOUIS, MO., APRIL 5, 1906.
MR. ROBERT H. SEXTON,
Chief of Exploitation,
Jamestown Exposition,
NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your

communication of the 2d inst., inviting the National Association of the Deaf to hold its next Convention at Norfolk, some time during the Jamestown Exposition, I beg to say that I will at once lay the matter before the officers and members, and notify you as soon as any definite action has been taken thereon.

The Jamestown Exposition year is also the year for our next regular Convention, and it will give me special pleasure to communicate to officers and members any information from you calculated to influence their choice in favor of Norfolk as the Convention City.

Very truly yours,
J. H. CLOUD,
Sec'y N. A. D.

NORFOLK, VA., April 5, 1906.

DEAR SIR:—During the year 1907 a great International Naval, Military, Historical and Industrial Exposition will be held on and near the waters of Hampton Roads, Va., within twenty minutes' ride of the cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News, Hampton and Old Point Comfort, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown, Va., in 1607.

In this connection, would it not be appropriate to hold the next international congress or convention of the National Association of the Deaf in this city during the progress of the Exposition. This section is the most historic on the American Continent, and is rightly termed the "Cradle of Liberty." During ordinary times the vicinity bordering on Hampton Roads possesses attractions to warrant its selection as a meeting place, while during the Exposition period the natural advantages will be augmented by many other attractions. The Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition will differ from other expositions, inasmuch as it will have a distinctive naval feature in a great international naval rendezvous.

The Exposition Management will be prepared to furnish your Association with a commodious and satisfactory hall for convention purposes, and will, if desired, recognize your presence by setting apart a Special Day in honor of the occasion.

Relying on the acceptance of our invitation, I beg to remain,
Very truly yours,
R. H. SEXTON,
Chief of Exploitation.

REV. JAMES H. CLOUD,
2006 Virginia Avenue,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

2006 VIRGINIA AVENUE,
ST. LOUIS, MO., April 6, 1906.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your favor of the 5th inst., offering the National Association of the Deaf a hall for Convention purposes and a "Special Day" in honor of the occasion at the Jamestown Exposition. I assure you that the honor which the offer implies is fully appreciated and I shall at once lay the matter before the officers and members of the Association, and give you the earliest possible information as to the result.

Very truly yours,
J. H. CLOUD,
Sec'y N. A. D.

MR. ROBT. H. SEXTON,
Chief of Exploitation,
Jamestown Exposition,
NORFOLK, VA.

ST. LOUIS.

At the afternoon service on Palm Sunday, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuttle, head of the Protestant Episcopal Church, admitted Mrs. W. H. Phelps, Miss Convers, and Messrs. Turczek and Geasland, into the Church at a beautiful confirmation service. The service was delivered by the Bishop, with Miss Herdman interpreting. The church was crowded in spite of a bad spell of weather. St. Louis had at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phelps were in the city for a short stay recently, and saw a few of their many friends. Before they left for Carthage, a promise was given for a speedy return.

Mrs. Rodenberger is temporarily detained in bed, owing to a sudden attack of pneumonia. Her many friends hope that she will soon be as well as ever.

Easter services were held by Rev. Cloud, to an audience almost as many as Palm Sunday, although smaller than in previous years—the bad weather prevailing being, no doubt, the cause.

Miss Mary Cloud, daughter of Rev. Cloud, was confirmed on Palm Sunday.

Mrs. May K. Guss has instituted suit for divorce from her husband, who, at present, is living in Elizabeth, N. J.

Rev. Jensen will conduct services in this city on May 6th.

Rev. Michaels will give a lecture at the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club rooms on the 28th, for the benefit of the Home Fund, in place of Mr. H. Gross, who finds it impossible to be present on that day.

Harry T. Johnson, of Lake City, Minn., died, on the 29th of March.

INDIANA.

Indiana Agency of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 320 Blake Street, Indianapolis. News items and subscriptions solicited.
A. H. NORRIS, Agent.

Bro. Sansom seems to think that because he did not get to see us during his recent visit to the Hoosier metropolis we do not circulate enough to catch the news. In other words, he accuses us of being a "parlor correspondent." That's all right, brother, we are used to being called names. As for your getting two columns of news out of Burg's bureau—you'll have to show us. You got all there was and that only made half a column. If we writers in Hoosierdom depended for a living on the amount of news we are able to gather we would all be in the poorhouse. We need a few fellows like Frank Gibson and A. B. Greener to stir up things.

The Mystic Circle is planning a series of amusements for the summer season that promises to make things lively around here this summer. Watch for further announcements.

Monday, April 2d, the New York Giants stopped off in Indianapolis long enough to give the Hoosiers a beating. The great and only Luther Taylor pitched the first three innings for the Giants, and certainly proved that he is still able to handle the "Spalding."

George W. Harmenting has quit G. P. McDougal & Son, and is now with the Eureka Refrigerator Co.

George A. Grubbs is again with the Premier Automobile Co.

Saturday, April 7th, Leon Bonham collected a number of Alumni of our school, and went out to cross bats with the Silent Hoosiers. What Bonham got from "Paddy" Keys and the Hoosiers was certainly a plenty. Keys had them falling all over themselves trying to solve his riddles. The Alumni team lined up as follows:

E. Stevieck.....Catcher
G. Spitzfadden.....Pitcher
G. Marsch.....First base
T. J. Bonham.....Second base
W. Fry.....Third base
R. Little.....Short stop
T. Sackett.....Right field

There being only seven alumni available, Hoosier substitutes played left and centre field for the alumni. The scorer counted the tallies up to 27 for the Hoosiers, and 3 for the Alumni, but at this point found he had used up all the pencils in sight and quit. Another game is being arranged for May 30th.

Services for the deaf at Christ Church will be conducted by Rev. Mann on April 22d, as follows: Holy Communion, 10:30 A.M.; Prayer Meeting and Sermon, 3 P.M. The following from the *Sunday Star* of April 8th, speaks for itself:—

"It brings a blush of shame to draw the comparison between the State Institution for the Deaf in the charge of a man as a housekeeper—Superintendent Johnson—and another in the charge of three of our own sex."

Perhaps never before during his lengthy career as superintendent of the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf, has a "bouquet" of just the same nature come so "straight from the heart" to Richard O. Johnson. It is the most interesting part of the lengthy report made by the visiting committee of the Local Council of Women who, in their tour of charitable and State Institutions recently called on Superintendent Johnson. The women do not mention the particular institution to which they direct unfavorable criticism by comparison, leaving an inference to be drawn.

"We left him," the report continues in the same paragraph, "hoping that the man who had conducted a school so nobly and with such a touching fatherly regard for his afflicted 'family' that it has become a part of his very being, would continue long at its head."

The report which ends with the above paragraph, first tells of the excellent sanitary conditions which prevail at the school for the deaf. The committee during its visit was offered "one dollar a head" by Superintendent Johnson for all vermin or insects found in the buildings. Attention is called to the fact that the structure was erected in 1844, and here again the committee makes a veiled attack on "another institution" erected in 1873, which it states is overrun with vermin.

In referring to the latter institution the second time the report states "we were told 'it was so old' is the reason it is filthy with vermin of various kinds, colors and stench."

The women of the committee were guests at a dainty luncheon prepared and served by the young students of the school for the deaf, and were shown through the kitchen, storerooms and basements, where, the report states, the women were surprised to note the pure atmosphere and healthful conditions in general.

Pupils at the school, the report says further, are taught to obey their instructors through love and

principle, and only in extreme cases is corporal punishment resorted to. Then a written statement of the charge against the student must be presented to Superintendent Johnson and the punishment authorized by him after investigation.

Several other points of minor importance are discussed in an interesting manner by the report, and the institution in question is made the object of most complimentary mention throughout.

MISSISSIPPI INSTITUTION.

Superintendent Dobyns has issued a circular to the parents and guardians of deaf children in the State of Mississippi, in which are the following statements:—

It affords me the very greatest pleasure to notify you that the present Legislature has made the appropriations asked by the Board of Trustees and that it will be possible before the end of the next two years for this Institution to admit all the deaf children who may apply. It has put it in the power of the Board of Trustees to provide for them industrial training as well as a literary education.

As I said to the Board of Trustees in my last biennial report: "There has never been in the history of the world so universal a demand for technical knowledge and training of the hands as there is to-day. There is no class of people on earth whose welfare appeals so loudly for industrial education as the deaf, because they literally live by and through their fingers. Cut off, as they are, from so many advantages that bring pleasure to the mind and profit to the hand, surely every avenue that makes them independent, happy and useful, should be thrown wide open and not only an opportunity, but a cordial invitation to enter be given."

I shall bring the matter of making the provision contemplated by the Legislature to the attention of the Trustees at their next meeting and they will heartily co-operate with me in hastening the good day when that "cordial invitation to enter" can be given.

I would not have you think for a moment that this Institution has been so far behind as to totally neglect such important interests of the deaf children. Though it has been handicapped by the want of room and equipment, still, "many deaf children have been trained for usefulness and made independent, self-supporting citizens, and have been blessings instead of burdens to society. In 1892 I very carefully gathered the statistics relative to the occupations and accumulations of the deaf who had gone from this school since the Civil War. From the returns I found that the earnings of sixty-two amounted to \$13,158 annually, which was almost equal to what the State was appropriating at that time to support the Institution."—*Superintendent's Biennial Report*.

With the facilities that can now be provided their opportunities will be greatly enlarged and their usefulness and happiness should be proportionately increased.

It will require a year at least to erect and equip these buildings and up to that time only about 110 can be accommodated. Until this "additional room" is provided I shall have to adopt the old-mill rule, "first come, first served."

I desire to receive and place on file the applications of all who want to enter, so that notices can be sent to the applicants when the way is open to receive them. Should you know of any who have not made application please inform them of the liberality of the Legislature, and the desire of the management of the Institution to extend these advantages to all who are entitled to them.

If you want your deaf children independent, helpful and happy you should see that they are educated, and trained for some useful employment; otherwise they will be dependent, unhelpful and unhappy.

WEDDING.

SHAFFER AND BULGER.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald C. Forsythe, 709 Chestnut Avenue, was given over to a number of friends and relatives at Noon Saturday to witness the marriage of her sister, Miss Dollie Edna Shaffer, of Philadelphia, to Mr. Harry J. Bulger, of Conshohocken. It was a pretty affair and was the consummation of a love affair which had its beginning at the Mount Airy School for Deaf-Mutes, and for the occasion the house was prettily decorated with Easter flowers and potted plants. The couple attended by Miss Minnie Smiley, of Altoona, as bridesmaid, and Mr. Clifford Herman, of Altoona, as best man, and took their places beneath a beautiful wedding veil. They were met and united by Rev. George Murray Klepfer, pastor of the Eighth Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church. The ceremony was impressive from beginning to end, the groom reading the questions of Rev. Mr. Klepfer from his lips, while the mother of the bride interpreted the questions to the bride. After

the ceremony the happy couple were showered with congratulations and then the assembled guests partook of a wedding dinner. The groom is employed as a machinist by the American Bridge Company at Ambridge, near Pittsburgh. At Mount Airy School he participated in all the athletics and was one of the best athletes that ever attended the school. He was one of the members of the Conshohocken football and base ball teams and is well known all over the State. The bride is a daughter of Mrs. Anna E. Shaffer, of 1914 East Susquehanna Avenue, Philadelphia, and an attractive and pretty young woman. She was employed as a dressmaker by a well known Philadelphia firm. The couple received numerous pretty and costly presents and among them was one, a set of silver cups, from the choir of the All Souls' Church of Philadelphia, of which she was a member. Mr. and Mrs. Bulger left on one of the afternoon trains for a visit to Johnstown and Pittsburgh after which they will take up their residence in Ambridge. They were accompanied to the station by a number of the friends and relatives and were sent on their life's journey amid a shower of rice.—*The Altoona Tribune*.

In Memoriam.

MRS. ADELAIDE E. JAMS.

On March 21st, Mrs. Adelaide E. Jams, widow of the late John P. Jams, both former residents of Brooklyn and New York City, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harriet E. Nicely, at San Jose, Cal. Mrs. Jams was ill only a few days with an attack of asthma and pneumonia, the heart was weakened by the latter disease, and she died suddenly; previous to that time she was active and seemed in her usual health.

She left Brooklyn in 1892, after the death of her husband, and lived one year in the home of her girlhood—Wilkes Barre, Pa., then with her sister's family, she and her two daughters went to California to reside. She spent most of the time in Merced, located in about the central part of the State, in the San Joaquin Valley. Here her younger daughter, Ilse, was married and lived. Her husband was then County Treasurer.

Mrs. Jams was educated in the Philadelphia School when it was located at Pine and Broad Streets. There also was educated the man whom she was destined to marry, but whom she did not meet until after her school career was finished. She also attended the College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C., she and one other student being the first and only girl students to enter the college up to that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jams were married by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, and made their home at Wilkes Barre, Pa., with Mrs. Jams' father, Robert C. Smith. Mr. Smith was at the head of a large insurance business, and it was with him that Mr. Jams first imbibed the principles of insurance. Nine years later they made their home in New York.

In her girlhood Mrs. Jams was lively and full of fun. In her home and among her intimates she retained her fund of good humor, jollity and love of joking to the end. In death there was the same merry twinkle in the eye, a happy expression on her face.

In her later years she did not make friends so readily as in youth, yet she was beloved by those who knew her well. She is survived by two daughters, one grandchild and four sisters.

She was cremated in Cypress Lawn Cemetery, one of the beautiful resting places of San Francisco, and her ashes will be sent to Wilkes Barre, Pa., to be buried with her husband and infant daughter, in the family plot.

Taken as she was in the midst of life and activity, and going so suddenly and peacefully, falling as it were, asleep in the arms of Jesus, we would not wish her back as she is infinitely happier than her earthly loved ones could make her. Her friends who had gone before and were ready to welcome her were legion.

It may perhaps interest the mute world to learn that one of their number, Alphonse S. Nicely, formerly of Wilkes Barre, and Lancaster, Pa., where he was foreman of silk mills in both cities for seven years, is now a successful electrician of the West. Not many mutes are full-fledged electricians. Mr. Nicely has followed this line of work twelve years and enjoys it. He helped wire in the Yosemite Valley to Tuolumne Co., a distance of sixty-five miles.

In the evening of Friday, April 6th, at St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Bishop Co-adjuutor McCormick administered confirmation to two members of St. Bede's Mission, the Rev. Mr. Mann interpreting. In a large class presented by the Rev. Dr. Faber in the evening of Palm Sunday, at St. John, Detroit, were four members of Epiphany Mission. The new Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Reverend Dr. Williams, administered the Apostolic Rite of "Laying on of Hands." The Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted his typewritten address to the confirmands and others.

The Norwegians are the best fish cooks.

NEW ENGLAND.

[Any New England News or business for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL may be sent to Geo. C. Sawyer, 79 Milton Ave. Dorchester, Mass.]

For the first time since the fire in the People's Temple, the Boston Deaf-Mute Society held services on Easter Sunday, in the same room which, since renovated, presented a most pleasing appearance, through the numerous beautiful stained-glass windows, plenty of light and air is admitted—in fact, on this joyous Easter, the members found much to be thankful for. A most attractive place of worship, a fine preacher in the person of the venerable Prof. W. H. Weeks, whose sermon on the Resurrection was most beautifully illustrated in graceful signs. He held the closest attention of the audience, and it is plainly evident that his congregation was much impressed with all he said, and we hope will profit by it. Miss Rosa Katton and Mr. Joseph C. Pierce each recited a hymn. Then little Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perry, a tiny angel-like little one, climbed up on a chair and recited a piece, both orally and in signs, which must have touched the hearts of all. The pulpit and platform were decorated with potted plants, including several Easter lilies, also bouquets of cut flowers. After the service, they were distributed among the regular attendants of the society, also the members of the A. B. B.

In all, ninety persons were present from different suburbs of Boston.

In the afternoon Mr. Weeks, accompanied by Mr. F. B. Roberts, went to the Home in Everett, and preached to the inmates.

A drill exhibition was given, in which the Dorchester High School Cadets, numbering eighteen, and Everett High School Cadets of thirty, participated. The former carried off the honors, as having given the best drill. Fred, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wood, was one of the Dorchester H. S. Cadets.

New Haven and August 20th and 21st having been decided upon by the officers and State Manager of the N. E. G. A., as the place and date of the convention due this summer, the selection was freely commented upon after the service at the Boston Society last Sunday. While the place was generally approved, the date found both *pros* and *cons* about equally. The *cons* think the date should be later than the dog days.

J. H. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., came quite a long distance to attend Prof. Weeks' services, and was greeted by many of his old friends, among several of them were his schoolmate at Fanwood. He is still at his post, where he has been for nearly twenty years, a type-setter for *Woonsocket Reporter*.

Mr. J. C. Chaplin's cruising launch boat was launched, not into water but out in his yard, last week to receive final touches. One of his neighbors, a well-known physician in Cambridge, has offered Mr. Chaplin a good price for the boat as it is now, but the latter does not feel like parting with it, since it is the first boat he ever owned or built, unless he gets double the price offered.

Birds are singing "Somebody is going to be married." Everyone is asking who can it be? Wait and see.

G. C. S.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER,
APRIL 22D.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Ann's Church, Bible Class,
2:30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn,
3 P.M.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester,
10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M. and
2 P.M.

Guild Meeting in St. Ann's Guild
Room, Tuesday evening, April
24th. Open to all.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventh-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor

Sunday service at 7.30 P.M. Sermon, interpreted into signs by Mr. E. P. Clarke.

Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Club-Room Bulletin:
April 15.—A bunch of new games.
April 20.—Package Party. Please bring your contributions.
April 27.—Story-telling by all who will.

The best cattery known is said to be that owned by Lady Marcus Beresford who founded England's Cat Club. She has over 150 felines, all of the choicest breeds.

NEW YORK.

St. Ann's on Easter Day.

A FAREWELL RECEPTION

A Budget of Brevities

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Easter Sunday at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes was a joyful occasion, and the church was filled with deaf-mutes estimated to number between three and four hundred.

Rev Dr. Chamberlain officiated, assisted by Lay-Readers Keiser, Driscoll and Mann.

The chancel was tastefully decorated with palms, potted plants, Easter lilies, carnations, geraniums and azaleas.

The floral offerings were contributed through donations of the parishioners. Two of the offerings had cards affixed which read: "In memory of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, from W. S. A." and "In memory of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, from W. S. A."

Several of the Monday morning newspapers had mention of the service, and the following appeared in the *New York World*:

In silence absolute and profound, three hundred persons celebrated Easter yesterday in the little Church of St. Ann, on One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, near Amsterdam Avenue.

Although without spoken words, the service held for the congregation a pious inspiration not surpassed in other of the city's churches where many voices were uplifted in Easter carols and organ tones filled vast interiors with ringing melody. For did not St. Ann's worshippers, deaf-mutes all, have their pastor, their surplined choir, bright floral decorations and all the beautiful accompaniments of an Easter service?

In chorister's caps, black gowns and surplises the choir was led by Miss Alice Judge. Its members were the Misses Gertrude Turner, E. Brewer, M. Brewer, and E. Thadwald. The opening anthem sent its message straight to the hearts of the congregation. Through the suggestion of the choir, each soul was thrilled by its own melody which comes of soothing music.

The chorister's, waving their hands rhythmically, flashed the tempo of the anthem and "sang" the words with nimble fingers. On the faces of the worshippers was depicted the peace which comes of soothing music.

The sermon was "preached" by the Rev. John Chamberlain, the pastor. With unabated watchfulness the worshippers received his message.

Following the sermon, the choir took its position before the chancel rail for the singing of a hymn. There was not one there who did not feel that in the little church was being uplifted a melody which the undulating hands and swiftly-moving fingers inadequately suggested.

Communion was partaken of by more than half of the congregation at the conclusion of the regular service. Then the worshippers moved about the church, exchanging greetings and commenting on the beauty of the service, throughout which not the slightest sound had broken in on the stillness.

A number of friends of Mrs. Hattie Tobin, assembled in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, on Monday evening, April 16th, to give her a farewell reception, before her departure for Trenton, N. J., which is to be her future home.

Although it was a reception, it took the nature of a surprise, as Mrs. Tobin was not aware that the gathering was in her honor. The affair was engineered by Mrs. Emma Brown. At nine o'clock Mr. E. A. Hodgson mounted the platform, and in a brief address expressed to Mrs. Tobin the high esteem in which she was held, and the regret which her many friends felt in parting from her. He told of the long years of good work which Mrs. Tobin had done, of the intelligent activity and warm-hearted enthusiasm which she had ever displayed in affairs of the deaf, and ended by saying that her friends had procured a testimonial of their love and esteem for her, which Mrs. Emma Brown most gracefully presented.

Mrs. Tobin made a most feeling acknowledgment, and then the company was regaled with a witty speech by Mr. Keiser. Later on, Mrs. Neiser, Mrs. Meinken and Miss Grace Meinken served refreshments of coffee and cake, and before ten-thirty all dispersed. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, who had been at a New Jersey wedding, arrived late, but were cordially greeted by all. Mrs. Tobin goes to Trenton, N. J., in a week, to reside permanently.

Lovers of pictures who intend to flock to the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, next Tuesday evening, the 24th, will have the double satisfaction of enjoying a superb exhibition of moving pictures, and the consciousness that they are contributing to the welfare of our aged and infirm deaf in this country. The sale of tickets indicates a large assemblage, including out-of-town friends. It is to be earnestly hoped that all the deaf will take pleasure in helping to make the occasion an unqualified financial success. The Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New England deaf have shown a fine example of loyal energy in raising funds to shelter their poor and aged people, and surely the deaf of our metropolitan city will extend their cordial support to this benefit entertainment.

On Easter Sunday, after the regular service at St. Ann's, Miss Jennie Merriees was married to Mr. Louis Gall, by the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Merriees, and Mr. Jacob Kieber acted as best man. Mr. T. F. Driscoll gave the bride away. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, which was attended only by relatives and intimate friends of the couple. On Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Gall left for their new home at Thompsonville, Conn., where the groom has steady work. Both are former pupils of the Lexington Avenue School.

The Lexington Avenue School closed for the Easter recess on the 9th, and will reopen on the 24th inst. Most of the children have gone home to enjoy the vacation. Nearly all the teachers have gone. Some are listening to the wild waves at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, some have gone to the mountains to get new ideas from sprouting shrubs, some have gone home to rusticate with the old folks on the farm, some, interested in canals, have gone to Windsor Locks, Conn., and a few with prohibition tendencies have gone, by water, to Maine.

Mrs. Lincoln A. Thompson (*nee* Emma Larson) was called to New York last week by the sudden death of her sister. Her many friends sympathize with her in her sorrow. Less than a month ago she was a happy bride. Mrs. Thompson attended the services at St. Ann's Easter Day, and left for her home in Hunt, N. Y., the following morning.

Mr. T. F. Driscoll has been requested to furnish deaf-mutes to work for houses down town. Just now the call is for girls over eighteen years, and those in need of work can call on or communicate with Mr. Driscoll, at the Lexington Avenue School, or at his home, 541 Lexington Avenue.

Luther Taylor is pitching better ball this year than ever before. In Philadelphia, last Saturday, he blanked the Quakers for ten innings, after a wild throw had given them a run in the first. The deaf-mute "fans" will flock to the Polo Ground when Luther is in the box.

Mr. Theodore Rose went to visit his friend, Edwin Mosbacher, last week, and reports himself as having had a very enjoyable time. "Teddy" was as loquacious as ever, and he lengthened his call enough to talk Mr. Mosbacher into becoming a member of the Union League.

Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet has returned from her trip across the continent. She was heartily greeted by her many deaf friends, after the evening service at St. Ann's Church on Good Friday.

Having a holiday on Wednesday, the 11th, Louis Lyons visited the New York Institution, and in the afternoon went to Barnum & Bailey's Circus, in Madison Square Garden.

Mr. William S. Abrams was a guest of Louis Mann, at the Lyric Theatre, on Wednesday of last week. The play was "Julie Bonbon," in which Mr. Mann has the principal role.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain united in the holy bonds of matrimony, in Newark, N. J., on Monday evening, April 16th, Mr. Fred Hering and Miss Schaublin of Paterson, N. J.

Ardine Rembeck, formerly of Cincinnati, is now employed in the mailing department of the Methodist Book Concern as a printer.

Miss Sarah E. Tallman, who has been living in Western New York for the past two or three years, is again residing in Brooklyn.

Miss Lillie Lindhoff and Miss Lizzie MacLair were guests of Miss Marion K. Stewart, on Easter Sunday, at her home in Yonkers.

The wedding of Mr. Herman Beck and Miss Martha Jaycox is announced to take place on Saturday, April 21st.

Henry C. Kohlman and Arthur C. Bachrach saw the opening game of the American Base Ball League, last Saturday.

John Geiger, of Paterson, N. J., is now employed as a ribbon weaver, at a factory on West 138th Street, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lipgens and their children are now pleasantly domiciled at Woodside, L. I.

Mrs. Frederick Meinken has been sick with the Grip, but is now well again.

Mr. T. F. Driscoll's lecture before the Acorn Club has been postponed to next month.

Isolated Hospital Buildings.

We would like to know how many of the Institutions for the deaf have an isolated hospital building.—*N. Y. Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The New York Institution has had a separate hospital building for contagious diseases for over thirty years. At present a new fire-proof building, with every convenience that practical experience and modern improvement can compass, is being built to take the place of the old wooden structure. It is now almost completed.

Count in Ontario; we have had one for twelve years and would not be without it.—*The Canadian Mute*.

Missouri has an excellent one, but we are glad to say we have very little use for it. However, in case we should need it, it is ready.—*Missouri Record*.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 15, 1906.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—It was not my intention to take any part in the discussion which has been going on in your columns between Mr. Gibson and Mr. Greener, of Ohio; but in Mr. Greener's latest effort to put the Society in unpleasant and false lights, he makes some statements which are so glaringly untrue, and which reflect upon its officers, that I believe it is time to call a halt.

(1) Mr. Greener says "two benefits were given, one of \$35 and another of \$15, to persons who were shamming sickness for effect. The paying of these benefits were published in the *Frat* to act as a stimulus in the securing of members."

(2) And "when attempts were made in Iowa to start a branch in that State, the authorities quickly put a stop to it."

If any member of the Society has ever secured such benefits, it has been without the knowledge of the officers, and Mr. Greener or his informant would do the deaf at large, as well as the society, a service, by producing such proofs, that the party and the physician, who endorsed his claim may be prosecuted in the Courts of Law. He is challenged to do this.

The F. S. D. has never attempted to start a branch in Iowa, and has had no clash with the authorities there or anywhere else.

Mr. Greener must substantiate these statements, especially the one in which he accuses the officers with connivance at fraud, or retract them, or methods will be taken to call attention to the fact that there is such offense as libel on the statute books.

His fling at the officers of the Society as to their honor, far sightedness, financial standing, etc., is but another sample of the "means to the end," which he has been employing—distortion, misrepresentation, spite, and falsehood, all playing a part.

The Society has no desire to get into discussion with a man who uses such methods in his arguments, and expects no further statements from its members will be forced into print as far as Mr. Greener is concerned.

G. A. CHRISTENSON,
Sec'y of the F. S. D.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

BUFFALO.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4.30 P.M., on the following Sundays:

APR.	MAY	JUNE
1	13	10
15	27	24
29		

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Crime increases and diminishes with the rise and fall in the price of bread.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Church Packed on Easter Day

MONEY FOR THE HOME

Deaf-Mutes See Taylor Pitch.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

April 16, 1906.—All Souls' Church for the deaf had a great Easter Day this year. We say great in considering all things, for the church never looked more beautiful than now. It was packed quite uncomfortably so that a good many used the galleries. Its choir of six ladies appeared in full vestments for the first time and rendered three hymns gracefully. It was lighted entirely by electricity. Bishop Mackay-Smith confirmed a class of sixteen and afterwards made a strong address, which was interpreted in signs by Dr. A. L. E. Cronter. The chancel, as usual, was beautifully decorated with flowers. There were a number of visitors from out of town. Holy Communion was administered, and the offerings amounted to over \$125.00. Thus it was a great and glorious Easter for All Souls'.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer may well feel proud of his work here and the deaf of Philadelphia may also feel proud of their Church.

Treasurer Reider, of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, reports the following receipts during the month of April. They are the monies received up to this writing. We have reason to believe that more is coming in response to the Easter appeal, and it will be reported in this column in a subsequent issue.

We beg all donors to give us time to write to them, and every one will receive a personal acknowledgment from us. All the money is for the Home for Aged, Infirm and Blind Deaf.

Received through Wm McKinney, Treasurer Philadelphia Local Branch, viz:

Pledges of Wages.....\$30 75
Proceeds of Lectures.....12 00

Received through H. E. Stevens, assistant Warden of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, as follows:

Contribution from Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, for General Fund.....5 00
H. E. Stevens, for Mortgage Fund.....2 00

John S. Bowers, Lancaster, for Mortgage Fund.....2 00

Received contributions in response to Easter Appeal, as follows:

FOR MAINTENANCE FUND.

John B. Jackson, Esq., Pittsburgh.....25 00
Geo. L. Holliday, Esq., Pittsburgh.....10 00

Margaret L. W. Branch, Pittsburgh.....75
F. R. Gray, Allegheny.....1 00
Ernest R. Cowley, Pittsburgh.....1 00

M. J. Rees, Pittsburgh.....75
John S. Bowers, Lancaster.....1 00
Alexander McGhee, Philadelphia.....1 05

Annie Bowers, Philadelphia.....1 00
Margie Bowers, Philadelphia.....1 00
Geo. B. Vogele, Wilkesburg.....75
E. J. Shields, Philadelphia.....75

Wolf & Reynolds, Johnstown.....75
F. G. Lloyd, Elmsburg.....75
Mrs. A. P. Coulter, Philadelphia.....1 00

Frank Jones.....75
Mrs. Roca.....75
Mrs. W. H. Johnston.....55

Geo. J. Thiele, Industry.....75
S. S. Haas, Shamokin.....1 00
G. M. Teegarden, Wilkesburg.....1 00

Geo. G. Guenther, Reading.....75

FOR MORTGAGE FUND.

B. R. Allabough, Pittsburgh.....1 00
B. Frank Widaman, Greensburg.....85
Michael Kornblum, Pittsburgh.....75

H. C. Blood, Allegheny.....2 40
Jeanette H. McCord, Edgewood Park.....75
Capitola E. Bary, Porttown.....75

J. A. Allabough, Pittsburgh.....75
Marion Hall, Wilkesburg.....75
Mrs. F. C. Smielau, Williamsport.....75

W. W. Beidel, Allentown.....1 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, Frankford.....1 00

Mrs. Viola King, Mt. Airy.....30
Susan McKinney.....35
Maggie Laird.....35
Wm. Lee.....25
Geo. W. Andrews, Allentown.....75

Total receipts for April.....\$116 00

Those who have not yet sent in their coin cards, are earnestly requested to send them before May 1st, if possible.

From the *Evening Bulletin*, April 9th:—Among the persons confirmed yesterday in the Schaefer-Ashmead Memorial Lutheran Church, D. D. Astory, by Professor J. Fry, D. D. pastor, were six pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Although born deaf-mutes, they have been taught to speak at the institution, and the clear, audible tones in which they made the profession of their faith made the service very impressive.

Lail Hamburg, a young Russian Hebrew deaf-mute of this city, entertained several of his friends at a Passover supper last Wednesday evening at his residence.

About a dozen deaf-mutes were among the right field "bleachers" at the Philadelphia Ball Park, witnessing an exciting eleven inning game between the Phillies and the New Yorks, better known as the World's Champions, last Saturday afternoon. Luther Taylor, the well known deaf-mute twirler,

who is always admired by the silent fans of this city, pitched a great game for the victorious visitors. Those who are known to have attended the game were Edward D. Wilson, William Lee, John A. Roach, Charles M. Pennell, John Foster, Ira Poorman, Eugene McCarty, Thomas E. Jones, Daniel Chestnut, John D. Ziegler, Frank R. Zell and J. Maginnin.

Rev. F. C. Smielau will give a reading of Gilbert Parker's "A Ladder of Swords," before the Philadelphia Local Branch, at Harrison Hall, on Saturday evening April 28 th. The reading will take about two hours so that it may be necessary to commence promptly at 8 P.M. Mr. Smielau has been before Pittsburgh and Buffalo audiences with the same subject, and the deaf at both of these places are reported to have enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Geo. Davis, of Rochester, N. Y., who has been the guest of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer for a week, was joined here by her husband on Saturday evening, after a short business trip to Washington, D. C. After spending a few more days with the "good Quaker" deaf, they will return home this week.

Miss Katie Stetser and Mr. John C. Etter, of Lancaster, are other Easter visitors. The latter is the guest of Mr. Geo. Wucher.

Mr. William McKinney spent Easter at Atlantic City, and reports a very enjoyable time.

There were several other visitors at All Souls' last Sunday, but owing to the crowd and the late time, we were unable to pencil them down.

On Monday night, April 9th, the stork made his appearance in the cosy home of Mr. S. G. Davidson, in Mt. Airy, and deposited something more than a bit of humanity, being of the masculine gender, or S. G. D., Jr., No. 2. Hearty congratulations.

Contributed:—Miss Deborah (Debby) H. Marshall, of Hawthorne, Conn., of Class '00, and graduate of Gallaudet College, has been enjoying a delightful visit the past few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Sanders in Mt. Airy. She has a rather quiet and refined demeanor, and bright, cheery countenance. She belongs to an interesting family of deaf-mutes, her parents being Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Marshall, formerly of Philadelphia. Debby's sister Edith and her brothers, Gordon and Gilbert, are all deaf-mutes like herself, all bright and well educated, too, and all "chipping in" to pay off a mortgage on their happy home. *C'est comme il faut*, or O K as slangy Americans say.

Mr. John Coffield, of Mahanoy City, Pa., was a recent visitor at the meeting of the C. L. A. He is a deaf-mute and carpenter by trade. He has been honored by his townsmen by an election as Auditor by a substantial majority of votes. He is quite a young man, rather tall and well proportioned. He has a quiet, reserved manner, and a pleasant and intellectual countenance which is heightened by the frequent display of regular and well kept white teeth. Mr. Coffield claims Mr. Elwell as his former teacher.

Joseph Sinkson, a deaf, dumb and blind man from England, an inmate of the Home for Blind Workmen, on Lancaster Avenue, makes brooms as perfect as a seeing man.

Fairmount Park is still growing. It has passed the 3,000 acres limit long ago. Its natural scenery is something to be proud of more than its size. A few days ago fifteen acres more, worth \$75,000, was generously presented to the Park Commissioners by two public spirited ladies, Mesdames Sallie Henry and George Woodward, of Germantown, Pa. The donated piece of land adjoins that of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb on the north, with a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad between the two. It brings Fairmount Park as far as Germantown Avenue. There is a creek running through it from east to west, which widens at several points, forming an elongated, or chain of ponds. This is where the Mount Airy pupils and others have been doing their winter skating.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, PASTOR
1829 W. ONTARIO STREET.

SUNDAY SERVICES.
Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Every Sunday (except first of the month) 3:30 P.M.

In Russia it is sometimes the custom at a big dinner party for each lady to smoke a tiny cigarette after each course. This is said to not only assist digestion, but it also removes the flavor of the previous course from the palate.

CHICAGO.

Easter Services at the Methodist Church.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Happenings of a Week.

[The North Western News Bureau, Irving Sanson, Money Order Division, Central Post Office, Mgr.]

Easter services in the Methodist Chapel, corner Clark and Washington Streets, drew a large crowd, that filled it from end to end, and kept the three ushers, Messrs. Martin, Philpott and Zollinger, busy assigning seats. The platform was tastefully decorated with flowers. Three turns of the crowd partook of the Communion. Mrs. Gibson, whose father is a Methodist preacher, was admitted to the church on probation, and Mr. Harper as full member.

The text of Rev. Mr. Hasenstab's sermon was St. John 20:21. Mr. and Miss Zollinger rendered a duet, and Miss Baumann, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," etc., in her usual graceful way.

The work of the milliners was seen in many new bonnets, but excuse me from having to describe a bonnet, much less to have to foot the bill for one.

Many visitors from outside were noticed in the crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sullivan, of Batavia, Ill., took a run down, to see the new bonnets, instead of their usual custom of coming to the Gallaudet banquet. They will miss it this time on account of assessments peculiar to owners of new homes. Mr. Sullivan is an ex-'83, Gallaudet man—no relation of John L.

Mr. Claude Wakefield, of Hazelton, N. D., is chuckling to himself about having taken up a claim of one hundred and sixty acres in North Dakota, the terms of possession expiring on May 9th. He was educated at the Wisconsin School, while his wife picked up the rudiments of education at the Illinois School.

Mr. Delano, of Aurora, Ill., Prof. Draper's home, is, mind you, foreman in a box factory, where the Aurora Borealis is now being seen, on account of approaching nuptials with one of Chicago's well known and popular belles. He has been a frequent visitor here, enough to believe that something more than World's Tower, surmounted by the gilded Diana, was the attraction, and it was a real live Diana that caused extra fire on the Aurora & Elgin trolley cars on the part of Mr. Delano. So that when Miss Fanny Hegg was made the recipient of a shower of presents, followed by a shower of rice, later when she left the Automatic Telephone Co., at noon hour, the reader might guess who the Diana, her turn to be hunted down by a persistent wooer, is in the case.

Rev. Mr. Hasenstab will be on the road again, and his place in the pulpit will be filled by Prof. Haggerty, of the Wisconsin School, who will have previously elucidated the Comedy of Errors to an audience the evening before. A fourth daughter has been dropped into his household by the stork, and will be known hereafter as Joyce Hasenstab.

It turns out that a mistake was made in believing that the two brothers, Himmelschein, had both gone to California. It now transpires that Simon was the "Dromio" that is dipping in the briny deep of the Pacific, while Abraham is left behind, still wearing his overcoat.

Rumors were flying from finger to finger that Pat O'Brien had duplicated the feat of Frank Gibson and ye scribe, of passing a Civil Service examination, and of being invited to enter Uncle Sam's service. The facts are these: Mr. Patrick O'Brien stood an examination for "Packer" in the Civil Service rooms, and was credited with a percentage of 72, 50 being for physical condition, which would seem to remind us of Butler's definition of a deaf-mute as "a half man," so Pat O'Brien is waiting for his turn at appointment, and we fear, will have to wait very long yet, unless he appeals, as was suggested, his case,—viz., that he be given 100 for physical condition as was the case of ye scribe. If so, his marks would read: Physical condition, 100; age, 100; experience, 70. Total 900.

It is to be hoped that his appeal will be accepted, as it would settle the much mooted question of deaf-mutes being debarred from Uncle Sam's employ, who are taxpayers. Arthur Carpenter came to the city from Joliet on a shopping tour. He reports that the place in which he is employed has changed from mattress to wood-work, giving him an increase of wages, and that he is doing well. He has improved fifty per cent in conversation since taking the JOURNAL, and says he cannot do without it.

Geo. Tate, who was given a benefit to enable him to go to San An-

tonio, Texas, for a severe case of throat trouble, reports himself as improving, with the aid of the mineral waters down there.

As the result of Organizer Geary's work in the neighboring States, the following have sent in their application:

Buford L. Allen, Ludlow, Ky.
Joseph Fisher, Cincinnati, O.
John Davies, Bay City, Mich.
Walter L. Williams, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Clifton H. Button, Cincinnati, O.
Simon Himmelschein, Los Angeles, Cal.
Isaac Wiesbaum, Chicago, Ill.
Emil Schneider, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chesla Lavenger, Wyandotte, Mich.
Alfred C. Quinn, Chicago, Ill.
Albert Berg, Indianapolis, Ind.
Hiram Marlow, Burnside, Ky.
William H. Kilgour, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Acorn Club, the new social organization of the F. S. D., which is made up of members of this division is looking for quarters and expects soon to "open for business." Its officers are: J. H. Geary, president; J. P. Dahl, vice-president; Ernest Reineke, secretary; F. W. Sibitzky, treasurer; Joseph Gordon, sergeant.

Otto Derrich, of Indiana, has signed a contract to play with the Washington, Ill., Club, as pitcher. It is only a diversion with him.

Mrs. Raffington turned up at church after a long absence, looking hale and hearty.

Color Puzzles In Nature.

In summer weather women and men, too, when possible, wear white. Why? To keep cool, of course you will say.

If this be so, why, then, are almost all the creatures that live in Arctic regions clothed in white? The usual reply is that the white color is for protective purposes—in order, in fact, to make them invisible to their enemies in the midst of the wastes of snow.

But, consider again—is this reasonable? From whom does the polar bear need to hide? He has no enemies to fear. And as for the birds which assume a white plumage when they migrate north, surely they also have far fewer foes in the polar regions than when farther south.

Again, if white be a cool color, this is surely another reason against turning white at the approach of winter. It is easy to strengthen this argument. Visit the tropics and you will find hardly any white animals or birds, and bears are either very dark or else extremely brilliant in color.

Of tropical birds, the commonest colors run as follows: Brown, dark green and dark blue, emerald green, reds and yellows. Speaking of birds again, why is it that land birds are mostly dark-hued while so many sea birds are white?

Here is another color puzzle. Almost all song birds are somber in hue, while the brightly colored species, such as the jays, the parrots and birds of paradise, have naturally harsh voices.

The colors of flowers and leaves offer numbers of interesting problems. No one quite knows why the prevailing tint of early spring flowers is either white or yellow. Yellow, indeed, holds its own to some extent all through the summer, but the typical color of summer blooms is pink, while as the autumn advances richer crimson and all the rich, glowing hues of dahlias and chrysanthemums are seen.

Horticulturists have produced poppies of pretty nearly every shade under the sun, and with many flowers they seem able to alter the colors almost as they please. Yet the blue rose, the black tulip and green carnation, seem as far off as ever they were in spite of constant efforts to arrive at them. Nearly three centuries ago Dutch gardeners imagined themselves on the verge of inventing a black tulip.

The colors of the blossoms of fruit trees are limited to white, pink, bright scarlet and purple. The reason no one knows. Nor is it clear why nearly all plants with purple blossoms have poisonous properties. The deadly nightshade is an instance which will be familiar to all country readers.

It used to be said, and many still imagine, that intensity of color depends upon intensity of light. The brilliancy of a tropical landscape seems in some measure to bear this out. But any amount of argument may be deducted against it. Rubies, opals, and other exquisite gems are dug from the depths of the earth. The rays of the sun have

OHIO.

To Correct a Few Mis-statements.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE F. S. D.

Sundry News Items.

[News Items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

April 14, 1906.—It was not our intention to refer to the F. S. D. in this letter, but certain misstatements sent on to Chicago by the general organizer demand attention. Weak is the cause that depends upon the misstatement of facts in order that it may exist and grow. But no one need be surprised at such when it is known that the organizer must show results for the money used in swinging around the circle, seeing the country and having a good time. He claims that the Ohio Insurance Commissioner has told him to go ahead with the F. S. D. business in Ohio. But he cannot prove that in black and white. It is untrue that any one here, and especially one of the "Big 4," demanded that the Dayton Branch turn over the proceeds of the raffle given at the March 17th meeting to the Home, and that for their refusal to do so, we attacked them.

What rot! It is also stated that a member of the Dayton Branch bought a raffle ticket, donated it to the Home. It drew a set of knives and forks. Said set has not reached the Home yet. A small pocket knife has, and it was given to one of the inmates. Certain Chicago people are taking much satisfaction over the report that we wrote Mr. A. B. C. Quinn, now a resident of that city, advising him not to join the F. S. D.

The truth is we never did, and no one in Chicago can show the letter. And they are chuckling over the report from the organizer that Messrs. Rice, Leib and McGinness have become members, and propose to organize a branch of brainy men here and down the "Big 4." Result: the first two vehemently deny it, and the third, we are informed, is not anxious to do so. Reports also are afloat, of course, all for effect, that one of the "Big 4" had seen his way clear to become a member and every one here laughs over it. The "Big 4" are not quaking in their boots over the Dayton Branch and F. S. D. going into politics and making things lively at the Institution here, for real or imaginary wrongs, or for certain people whom they claim are thwarting their designs. Such talk has been carried on to Chicago to revive the drooping spirits of the leaders there. It would be well for them to take a look into their constitution and by-laws, and see what is said therein about politics being used by the organization.

Once for all, we repeat we are opposing the F. S. D. because it is illegally carried on outside of the State of Illinois under misrepresentation. There is no need for it, and its purpose is of the selfish character—a benefit for a few at the expense of many. And right here, if it is such a good thing, why do not the deaf of Illinois, outside of Chicago, rush under its banner and seek the proffered aid? At the Goldsmith meeting here, we saw an example of the kind of people asked to become members. Two men named Davis, who spent only two or three years at school, their education very limited, were being influenced to join. God pity the man who takes advantage over such beings in order to reap a little glory for himself and a few dollars.

We oppose the organization, because the officers of it lack the knowledge, ability, and financial responsibility needed in carrying forward such a scheme.

We oppose it because the concern is run by two or three persons only, or who are the whole thing, the others are mere puppets in their hands. No claim is allowed unless they give the word, and then the others, believing what they say is true, agree.

It is about time a committee composed of intelligent gentlemen, outside of Chicago, and having no connection with the F. S. D., examined into the doings of those who run it. A state of affairs will be found similar to that of a year ago. But the money has been used up mostly for other purposes than sick benefits, and the poor innocent members are left to hold the empty bag. We are not alone in warning the deaf of this organization. The *Texas Lone Star Weekly* in a recent issue sent out a warning. And now comes the *Michigan Mirror* to the rescue also. And "Pansy" in the same issue decries against it. Surely these people have no other interest in the matter except the welfare of the deaf. Their experience and knowledge in affairs of the world has fitted them to be judges of such kind of business.

Here is a good Don't: Don't buy doubts. That is what you buy when you buy a fraternal assessment certificate.

In regard to Mr. Gibson's last card. We were not selected by Mr. Corbett, nor any one else to defend him. We saw the attack on him in the *Frat*, and concluded to right him in the matter before the public. He was notified on May 14th, to withhold the dues of his branch. Up to that date all dues had been paid, and were in the hands of the treasurer. His sick benefit claim was sent in in the latter part of July, or first of August, and on August 8th it was acknowledged. On August 12th, orders were sent to Bellaire to forward the Branch's funds. Thus it can be seen if it was desired to pay the claim, an order could have been sent to the treasurer of the Branch. But this was not done, and the treasurer was requested to forward the Branch's dues. The refusal to pay the claim was sufficient to open the eyes of the members, and they washed their hands of the whole thing, despite Mr. Gibson's urgent request to Mr. Corbett to hold the Branch together. Mr. Corbett was not a candidate for vice-president, and if his name was on the list, it was at the will of Mr. Gibson. We did not belittle the Dayton meeting. Not one of the ladies from here in attendance had a good word for it. Ladies were invited to come, and those who came had to endure the fumes of tobacco smoke, which filled the hall all evening—to say nothing of the unpleasantness caused by the chief speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rose came up from Dayton Saturday to attend the "Golden Wedding" of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Voelkel, who reside over in Grove City, and have been there since 1845. Mr. Voelkel is 85 years of age and his wife is 71. During the construction of the State House, he worked on it in the capacity of a machinist. A big dinner was served to the relatives present, and the aged couple received many valuable presents. Mr. Rose returned to Dayton Monday, where he works in a bakery. Mrs. Rose follows him to-morrow.

Martha Turvy, a pupil of the A Intermediate Class happened into Kirby's store last Saturday afternoon, and found a purse on the floor. It contained ten dollars or more, but no name to designate the owner. She spoke to one of the clerks about it, and was then taken to the office, where her name and address were taken, and in case the owner does not call for the lost article it will be given to Miss Turvy.

Sunday evening the pupils were entertained with some stereopticon views pertaining to the life of Christ, by Mr. O. A. B. Senter. Mr. Odebrecht did the interpreting. More will be given in the future.

The First Independents played the All Stars last Saturday afternoon, and beat them by the score 20 to 1. Rather one sided, but then it was the first game of the season, when all hands were rather raw.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bard bade good-bye to Columbus and friends yesterday, and will make their future home in Findlay in his own house, 807 Franklin Avenue. Some time ago Mrs. Bard's sister-in-law died, leaving two small children to be cared for. It was arranged that Mr. and Mrs. Bard come up and keep house for her brother and children.

Hubbell Johnson, son of Mrs. Sophronia Johnson, who is at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, died April 21, as the result of a fall from a wagon, March 28th. He was employed in the Street Cleaning Department of Indianapolis, to where he had removed about twelve years ago from this State. He was three times married. His last wife, nee Clayton, and one son remain to mourn him.

Superintendent Byers, of the Home, last Saturday turned over quite a sum of money to the treasurer, \$118.20, as the result of live stock sales recently.

Easter offerings to the Home are coming in large installments, and the result is very gratifying to the management as it shows the friends are interested in the object.

Miss Grace Nutt entertained the Day P. Club and friends at the home of her mother last evening. Pedro was played, Miss Cloa Lamson winning first prize, and Mr. Clum, the booby. Refreshments of Easter candies, wafers and punch were served. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. Clum, Mrs. Nutt, Mrs. Ohlemacher, Misses Grace Nutt, Lamson, Bessie McGregor, Zell, Edgar, Buchanan, Biggam, Bessie McFadden and Miss Frank, of Cincinnati, Messrs. Schory, Nutt, Beckert and Zell.

Rev. Whildin baptized Miss Daisy Littleton, of Bellaire, at his service in St. Matthew's Church, and on the same day Rt. Bishop Peterkins confirmed the following deaf: Samuel W. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Littleton, Daisy Littleton and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Littleton, and Wm. Alexander.

Chionian Society was favored with

a reading of Hernando Cortes, by Mr. Zorn last Saturday, and became quite interested in it. A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

Saturday evening, at 7 30, Principal Currier received a dispatch from Oxford, N. Y., which stated that Miss Prudence Lewis, for many years assistant matron of the girls at this Institution, had been stricken with paralysis and was not expected to live. Hasty arrangements were made by telephone for sleeper accommodations for Mrs. Currier, and when the 8.45 train pulled out, she was aboard speeding to the bedside of her stricken aunt. Miss Lewis recognized Mrs. Currier, but soon lapsed into unconsciousness. At the present writing there has been no change in Miss Lewis' condition, but her recovery is hardly probable.

Principal Currier had hardly got down to the accumulated work of the Institution, when a telegram from Newburyport brought the intelligence that his mother was very sick. He at once started for Boston. On arrival at the old homestead he found his mother very much improved and on the road to complete recovery. As she is over ninety-six years of age, and the sickness was an attack of La Grippe, the marvelous recuperative power shown, demonstrates the possession of a vitality seldom found in people half a century her junior. She has an unclouded intellect, keeps in touch with religious and secular affairs, and knows much concerning this Institution and its pupils, and never fails to inquire of and send greeting to those of the teachers or officers with whom she is acquainted.

Anton Tanzas, Carl Lautenberger and Moses Neidenberg decided that they needed a little relaxation, on Saturday last, and that the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would be the most effective as a mental pabulum. Scanning the columns of a daily paper, they discovered that on Third Avenue and 42d Street the great drama of slavery days, with Uncle Tom and Little Eva, and all the other accessories, would hold forth in matinee enactment. So away they hied and sought the Subway station, and in a short time were scanning the four corners at 42d Street and Third Avenue. They saw but gilded beer saloons with their prismatic signs and crystal frontage on each corner, and arrived at the logical conclusion that no dramatic hero would strut and spout with a Bock beer environment. On inquiry, they found that the theatre was not located at 42d Street, but at 142d Street. By this time the gallery gods would be eating peanuts and shouting approval on the first act of the famous drama. That disposed of the question of attending the matinee. They therefore once more sought subterranean air and locomotion, and soon were at American League Park, where, in the throes of baseball excitement they forgot their troubles theatrical, and enjoyed the opening game of the baseball season.

Next week the full Battalion of Cadets, will exhibit its proficiency in the manual of arms and military manoeuvre, at the Military Tournament at Madison Square Garden. They will be present on three evenings of the week—April 23d, 25th, and 27th.

Carl Lautenberger spent two very pleasant and restful days in the hospital last week. Hereafter he will pay more attention to the various foods and their assimilation. Lemon pie is not a good diet for the ordinary cadet. It's too rich, for one thing.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson was summoned before Thomas Allison, Commissioner of Jurors, this week, and required to show cause for exemption from jury duty.

Howard Melville received, as an Easter present, from a fond Auntie who lives in Washington, D. C., about a dozen beautifully-colored Easter eggs and a box of candy.

Arthur Bailey was down at Park Row Saturday. He visited the *World* building, and a friend there gave him a quantity of base ball score-cards.

Half-Deaf People.

"If you are deaf in one ear," said the boiler-maker, "I don't care about giving you a job."

"Why?" asked the applicant.

"Because you can't tell what direction sounds come from. Hence in a place like this you would be in great danger."

"How do you know I can't tell what direction sounds come from?" the applicant demanded.

"No person deaf in one ear," replied the boiler-maker, "can do so. A man deaf in one ear will look behind him if a gun goes off on the air if a child shrieks at his feet. He will look wildly in front of him if a locomotive whistles in his rear. A boiler shop is no place for such a man."

"I knew I was like this," said the applicant, "but I didn't know all half deaf-people were."

"They all are," said the boiler-maker, "and my shop is no place for them."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Mrs. Flske's engagement at the Academy of Music, New York, continues to crowd that playhouse, the large capacity of which insures good seats in spite of the heavy demand. This week, the last of her stay at the Academy, Mrs. Flske will be seen in a production made especially for this engagement, of "Becky Sharp." Langdon Mitchell's delightful adaptation of Thackeray's famous novel "Vanity Fair." It is many months since Mrs. Flske has appeared as the artful and many-sided Becky, of whom her portrayal is the veritable embodiment. Every phase of Mrs. Flske's varied art is brought forth in the variety of episodes in Becky's career, which Mr. Mitchell has welded into a dramatic, interesting and amusing play. To the legion of readers of "Vanity Fair" and to all lovers of a good play Mrs. Flske's "Becky Sharp" has always been and will always be a delight, and its production for the first time at the Academy is most welcome. The cast will include the members of the Manhattan Company and a number of other players who have appeared in the original production of the play. John Mason will play Rawdon Crawley; George Arliss, Lord Steyne; William B. Mack, Young Pitt; Robert V. Ferguson, Sir Pitt; H. Carey Thomas, Dobbin; Stanley Righold, George Osborne; William F. Owen, Joseph Sedly; Lura McGillvray, Amelia; and Mary E. Barker, Miss Crawley; while others in the cast will be Claus Bogel, Roydon Elyne, Edwin Brewster, Nell Grey, Otto Meyer, Hugh Cameron, Charles Terry, Cecilia Radcliffe, Emily Stevens and Mary Madden. There will be a large number of auxiliaries in the effective scene showing the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of Waterloo, for the setting of which the large stage of the Academy is admirably adapted.

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Donations for the Homes, in cash or by check, will be acknowledged in the May issue of the *Presbyterian Messenger*.

TWO AND A HALF HOURS OF
ENJOYMENT.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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